TRACKING A CARIBOU.

Snow-Shoeing and Crawling to Get at the Big Game.

Exciting Chase of a Determined Hunter After a Big Bull—Twenty-Two Miles Over Snow and Through Brush—Old Joe's Triumph.

A glance over a sportsman's experience will perhaps convey an idea of what still-hunting elk and caribou means when the animals have enjoyed the doubtful advantage of a slight acquaintance with man's murderous methods.

Now, first, as to the caribou—a keen-nosed, shy, fast-trotting, sturdy fellow, and right worthy game for any man's rifle. Two varieties of this species—the woodland and the barren ground caribou—inhabit the American continent. The woodland variety is found in Maine and certain extreme northern portions of the United States, notably about the headwaters of the Mississippi river and in the extreme north of Idaho. The barren ground caribou does not generally range so far south as the international boundary. In Canada caribou are much more widely distributed. They are plentiful in Newfoundland, scarce in Nova Scotia, more numerous in New Brunswick, abundant in Quebec and Labrador, and fair numbers of them haunt the wilds of northern Ontario (especially the north shore of Lake Superior) and portions of Manitoba. In British Columbia they abound among the mountains, and not infrequently great herds are seen defiling from some canyon or moving down some mountain side in Indian file, and looking at a distance like a pack train.

The best caribou-shooting may be had in Newfoundland and British Columbia, but Quebec and North Ontario yet offer rare good sport to those who like roughing it.

During the winter of '89, says E. W. Sandys in Outing, I was temporarily located at a point on the magnificent north shore of Lake Superior, my companion being a half-breed hunter who bore a resonant Indian title too long for insertion in these pages. When he wanted to travel light he bore the name of "Jo," which will answer for the present. It was cold up there in the icy breath of the Great Inland sea, but we were snug enough in an old railway construction log camp and had fairly good sport with grouse, filling up time attending to Jo's lines of traps. Between Superior and the "height of land" is a perfect network of lakes and streams, large and small; the country is very rough and rocky, varied with great barrens, muskegs and beaver-meadows. Vast portions are densely forested, and others carry only ghostly, scattered "rampikes," showing where fires have swept. Our headquarters were the log camp referred to, but we had a temporary camp at the end of a line of traps some ten miles inland, near the head of a chain of small lakes, famous in the annals of the fur trade. From it westward extended an immense barren for mile after mile, bounded by a gray-blue wall of forest.

One night, while we were at the little camp, a heavy fall of snow redressed the hard-featured landscape, and Jo and I fell to discussing the chance for caribou. About daylight we turned out, and Jo stood for a few moments reading the sky and sweeping the barren with those marvelous aboriginal eyes of his, which could count a band of animals farther than I could see them. Presently he grunted softly and exclaimed:

"Dar um car'boo!" and pointed westward. I looked long and earnestly, and at last made out a distant object moving slowly over the snowy barren. Getting the glass, I focused on it and discovered that it was indeed a caribou—a lone bull evidently—as no more could be found.

After hurriedly feeding, we stuffed our pockets with bread and meat, felt that matches, pipes and "baccy" were in their places, donned our snowshoes and started in the direction of our vanished game. "Car'boo all right; feed day on moss. Bymeby find um more car'boo," said Jo, and I guessed that he liked the prospect.

It was a cold, gray day, a sharp breeze blew directly across the barren, and now and then a few snowflakes sifted down, hinting of another downfall, though there was already more snow than we wanted. But there was little danger of anything serious, and we didn't trouble about the weather. After tramping for about three miles, Jo discovered the tracks of the caribou, but the beast itself was not in sight.

Jo decided that he would work across the barren in case the game had doubled on its course, and leave me to follow the track. "Me go cross, look long um tree. You run track, bymeby mebbe you find um car'boo," and he waved his hand, indicating that he would cross and then scout along the woods on the farther side.

I moved ahead rapidly, while Jo was in the open, being anxious to get far enough in advance of him to forestall all possibility of his wind reaching the game before I got within range. I had followed the track until it was nearly noon, keeping a sharp lookout ahead, before I caught a glimpse of the bull browsing quietly near the edge of the woods. A long look through the glass told me that he was a magnificent specimen, bearing a particularly fine set of antlers, and that he was feeding near cover which promised a comparatively easy approach within certain range. To obtain this splendid trophy was my firm resolve, if patient, skillful "creeping" counted for anything. Working carefully well to leeward the shelter of the dense timber was at last safely gained at a point some half mile from the game. I had already put in a lot of hard work and was half wearied, but the golden prospect sustained me. Once safe in cover the shoes were removed, and, gliding, stealing, flitting, shadow-like, from tree to tree, now moving in the line of a bowlder, now stooping and wriggling painfully over an open patch of moss, I at last gained the edge of the timber within one hundred and seventy-five yards of my meat.

He was standing with his rump to me, and his nose occasionally sought the moss, only to be raised in a moment and thrust into the wind while the gentleman chewed a mouthful. About half-way between us was a goodly clump of brush, overgrowing some scattered bowlders, while the space between my shelter and the brush was filled with little hummocks and hollows, showing where the low growth, moss, etc., upheld the snow. If I once gained the brush and nerves kept steady he should drop in his tracks. I hesitated for a moment between waiting for a broadside shot from where I was, or attempting to crawl to the brush, then got down on hands and knees and began the difficult journey. The hummocks were smaller and hollower when reached than they looked at first, and when half-way across the dangerous space it became a question of wriggling along a la serpent. In this position the caribou was invisible, but I had faith in the wind, and was wriggling doggedly forward when from a clump of moss not twenty feet from my nose a grouse walked quietly forth clucking softly to itself in regard to my probable business.

Here was a pretty position. Of course I didn't dare flush the grouse for fear of alarming the caribou, and for long, agonizing moments I lay there in the snow staring at that infernal bird, while it eyed me dreamily and chuckled in an exasperatingly commiserating fashion, until the cramp-knot in my leg grew hard as a baseball, and I fumed and raged and groaned inwardly. At last the fool bird satisfied its curiosity and trotted demurely away, and when it had got to a safe distance I straightened my cramp and wriggled on to the tuft whence the grouse had come. Inch by inch I raised my head until a clear view was possible of the bull's feeding-ground—he had vanished as though the earth had swallowed him! Hastily glancing up the barren, I caught sight of him walking smartly along a good four hundred yards away. He was not alarmed; he had neither heard, seen nor winded me. He had merely decided to move along.

But chance favored me in the next move. The caribou, after going half a mile, suddenly turned across the barren and headed for the timber on the farther side, at the same time edging slightly in my direction. This course kept him well to windward, and when he finally approached the distant cover I started for him again. It was a long, hard task to cross the barren in a crouching position, but finally I managed to get behind him safely and followed the track. I was now very tired, for the shoeing was heavy, but the chase was leading homeward. I was mad all through and game to fight it out on that line till darkness came. Presently it began to snow and in half an hour the air was thick with soft-falling flakes. This was in my favor, save that I sometimes lost sight of the bull, only to rediscover him walking steadily along headed direct for the camp. My only hope was that he might halt to feed. He was going about as fast as I could, and so for two good hours we reeled off the miles at an exercising gait. At last the snow almost ceased, but the air was darkening fast, and I guessed we must be within a short distance of camp.

While I was endeavoring to figure out my exact whereabouts the bull halted in an open space, bordered on my side by clumps of good cover, and began to feed. My weariness was forgotten in a moment; luck had turned my way at last, for he was in perhaps the best position for me that he could have chosen in the whole barren. Sneaking rapidly on as far as was safe, I once again doffed shoes and got down on hands and knees and crawled, and crawled, and crawled, until the cover was gained, and my victim stood broadside on, not eighty yards away. He was feeding busily and had no more idea that I was near than I had of shouting. Carefully I raised to my knees and waited one moment to pull myself thoroughly together for the shot that must needs decide the matter. A last glance at the distance, and at the sight to make certain that it was at the lowest notch and I thought to myself:

"Now, my son, I surmise I'll just settle for all this tramp. If I don't drop you—"

"Whang!" the roar of a rifle sounded from a clump to my left, a stream of fiery smoke shot from the brush, the bull gave a tremendous lunge forward and went down in a heap.

For an instant I was petrified with amazement; then leaped to my feet prepared to do I hardly knew what. From the brush near by rose a lank figure, a coppery face peered forth, and an unmistakable voice muttered: "Gess I down um car'boo!"

"Jo! You blank, smoke-tanned idiot, I've a blamed good notion to put a ball through you!"

Jo started with as much surprise as his kind ever show; then his broad mouth spread in a diabolical grin, for he guessed every incident of the story.

"Me no see you. See um car'boo cum long. Me hide, tink mebbe kill um car'boo. You lynx, you creep-creep—me no tink you chase um car'boo."

And that was all the comfort I got, outside of the head and feet, which were all I wanted of the bull.

Later in the evening, when I told Jo of the all-day chase and where I had been, he grunted and said: "Chase um car'boo berry long time—twen-too mile dat way an back."

"Yes, and I crawled a quarter of it, confound you!"

"Um, dat so? Me go two, three, four mile, look at trap, den run back to mend shoe. Me stop by fire, bymeby get um car'boo."

"Yes, after I chase him twenty-two miles for you, you old squaw!"

A chuckling grunt proved that Jo realized the humor of the thing in full, and the way his eyes twinkled and the wrinkles curved round his silent mouth almost threw me into fits, for there was no use in kicking against fate.

THE WOMAN OF FASHION.

Some Sensible and Some Remarkably Foolish Women.

Little Changes to Occupy Our Mind—Skirt Trimming Is One of Them—A Cape and an Evening Gown—The Debutante's New Color.

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While society holds its breath and awaits in anxious suspense the first drawing-room of the London season, to be given by the princess of Wales early next month, and while Mrs. Stanford's Anti-Crinoline league in London is working hard to secure a few more thousand women on its lists, let us look about us and see what lies just at hand. We have still a month before we shall know positively whether crinoline is to be on the other side of the water, for nothing can be known until the first drawing-room is over. All we know now is that the royal family has not co-operated with the league, and that therefore there is a strong possibility that the crinoline may show itself on that great occasion. And if it does, woe unto us! for sooner or later, in spite of all efforts against it, it will reach us over here. For London society is bound to follow in the footsteps of the princess of the realm, and America is bound to follow the leadings of foreign dames.

But in the face of these tantalizing facts let us continue on our peaceful way for another month. Let us be quite oblivious to the fad that at the end of our short respite we may become metamorphosed, may assume an altogether different identity, may change from the independent fin-de-siecle girl to the drooping, blushing, weak, helpless bit of femininity, all skirts and draperies, of a few generations back. After all there is no time like the present, and there are plenty of other things to think about. Somebody is always devising something new.

Just now it is skirt trimmings. You may trim your skirt first with a row of feathers, shade to suit your fancy and the dress, and, above, a series of half shells and—coquilles—in velvet or satin ribbon. Or you may start again with your feathers and have narrow bands embroidered in the shades of your gown on white cloth, laid above. Or you may have a closely-twisted roll of ribbon at the edge, from which rise curving bands of ribbon, each headed with a bow. Or you may cross your ribbon bands all around the skirts, tipping the crosses with rosettes.

Then there's a new fichu falling from the neck in front in the real old-fashioned lines, long and slender, below the waist line. A scant ruffle runs around the sleeve line in front, stopping at the shoulder. From shoulder bows fall long, straight streamers of ribbon, in the front only.

Then the very latest cape, looking just as dowdy and old-fashioned as you please, has a Henry III. collar, and, falling below, a plain cape long in front, sloping up toward the hips, and short in back. It is of purple velvet. The collar is prettily embroidered with jet, and the dainty satin lining is of palest yellow.

Now there's a magnificent evening gown which deserves our careful attention. What a striking effect gives the violet velvet border on the heavy white satin, particularly when the velvet is edged by marten sable and the satin is heavily embroidered, far up the front, in rich gold threads. The corsage is still more striking, for it reminds us of

FOR EARLY SPRING.

a great blossom, with the petals just opening. The flower is white beneath, and on it the petals of violet velvet lie, each separate, standing apart just a little, and turned over and in at the top on the white decollete bodice beneath, which is edged with gold gimp. Small violet epaulets are attached to the shoulders by velvet choux. Beautiful white satin puffed sleeves are edged with finest Merquise flouncing of mousseline de soie.

Of course a triple cape is worn with it, and, of course the capes and high Medici collar are edged with sable.

The debutante's color has come to be pink. Not the delicate, faint tint, that one might suppose she would fancy, but a glowing, vivid shade, one to match the deepest blushes that might mantle her cheek at the first avowal of love. Perhaps she thinks the color will help to disguise the blushes, but I'm afraid it will only serve to bring them out. There's an all-pink dress just finished for a debutante made of rather thin silk of princesse cut. At the feet are two small pink ruffles, and, above, drapings and knots of mousseline de soie; then the drapery starts at the right side and runs up across the front, stopping at the waist on the left hip in another knot.

The corsage has an overdrape of the mousseline modestly meeting in front, and over the head a beautiful white drapery, rather fanciful, hides the shoulders and top of the corsage.

Dear, what a lot of skirts we shall have to wear again if the hoop really does land on our shores. Our beautiful glove-fitting garment and single warm underskirt, with silken petticoat over, will soon be a thing of the past, and we shall, no doubt, rustle about in wonderfully large, stiff petticoats that stand out well and have none of the soft cling that has so endeared them to the human heart. Even silk skirts have been made fuller and more expansive, to gradually accustom us to the change.

Alack and alas! that we must again bow beneath the burden of multitudinous draperies well-nigh beyond our control.

But there, we have once more allowed ourselves to drift into the forbidden subject. Let me divert you for a moment with a description of a pretty evening bodice that I saw but three nights ago on a brilliant golden-haired beauty. Its delicate green tint looked well upon the clear skin. 'Twas a simple bodice, gathered loosely and caught

TINY AFTERNOON HAT.

in with a faille belt that ran up in a high point in front, fastened at the waist. All around the neck was a ruffle of green gauze, and at the head and the edge of the ruffle were small violets, hanging closely and carelessly at will. At the shoulders were small bunches of violets, and the sleeves were double gauze ruffles.

That is an empire bodice, and here is another empire coiffure. Gather your hair, of course, at the crown of your head and arrange it in small puffs or curls, and fasten it with a gold comb. Before gathering it, however, you must have parted it in front, and taken a small portion of it right at the part, and curled it in a little cluster to drop over your forehead, just in the center. Then a considerable portion must have been taken at each side, and curled into small corkscrews, which hang straight down each side of your face. It gives a very quaint effect and, once in a hundred girls, a pretty one. Try it.

EVA A. SCHUBERT.

Nobody Rifled the Box.

"One of the coolest actions I ever observed in the course of my express experience," said an express messenger, "was that of a rough fellow from New Mexico. He was poorly dressed, and boarded our train at Tombstone on a second-class ticket, depositing at the same time a box in the care of the express agent, labeled: 'Rattlesnake—handle with care.' It was a small soap box, and not very heavy, but you can bet that box was zealously guarded. At Kansas City he came and got the box and carried it off to a bank. The banker was a friend of mine, and, meeting him the next day, I asked what that fellow did in the bank with the rattlesnakes.

"'Rattlesnakes! Well, that's a good joke on the express company,' he replied. 'That box had eighty thousand dollars in ten-dollar greenbacks in it.

"'If the money had been entered as money we would have charged him a neat sum for its transportation, but by labeling it rattles he had it carried for a trifle and I'll venture it was more secure from robbers under that simple title than it would have been in the stoutest safe.'"—Cincinnati Times-Star.

The Typewriter's Lunch.

Mary had a little lamb
And a piece of apple-pie,
And got a check for fifty cents,
Which she considered high.

—Puck.

A Narrow Escape.

First Little Girl (whispering)—See that man? He's a philanthropist.

Second Little Girl—What's that?

First Little Girl—I don't know, but I heard mamma say that's what he is. Don't let him see us. Mebby he eats folks.—Good News.

Æsthetic.

Miss Wagner—Give me a nice big bologna sausage, Mr. Cutlets.

Mr. Cutlets—Shall I send it home for you?

Miss Wagner—Oh, no; I'll just take it along in my music roll.—Judge.

Amenities.

Mrs. Hautton (maliciously)—You were such a charming debutante, my dear, fifteen years ago.

Mrs. Iglefe—Was I? I only remember you made such a lovely chaperon for me when I came out.—Chicago News Record.

No Place for Him.

Stranger—Is there a good opening for an undertaker in this place?

Citizen—No, sir. The only doctor in the town is going to move away this week.—Brooklyn Life.

MUSCLE BUILDING.

Edwin Checkley Gives Athletes Some Sensible Advice.

To understand your own movements, study the joints and how best to use them. As a higher branch of physical inquiry, strive to acquire a perfect co-ordination between mind and muscle, and thus learn to contract and relax the muscles by a mere effort of the will; do this both in groups and separately. Having gained this power, when you wish to expend a little superfluous energy get into the country and have a good run. Should the tyranny of environment forbid that, then do the next best thing, which is walking.

If you wish to acquire any physical accomplishments, boxing, wrestling, fencing, practice under some good teacher. Swimming you can learn by yourself, though not so well on dry land, or rather you ought to have learned that in your early childhood. Buy a bicycle or a horse if you think it will pay for its keep. Or best of all, if you are young enough, learn to tumble. After you have mastered that art you can acquire all the others by merely looking on at them; at least such has been my experience.

To know how to do these things is all very well in its way; like the beans of the late A. Ward, they are cheerful fruits if taken moderately. But if you practice any of them with the idea of gaining health and strength thereby, you will find, and, perhaps, when it is too late to mend matters, that you have made a large mistake. Such is not the way to life, physically speaking. Use judgment, and take this as your motto: Good air and plenty of it for the blood, good food for the muscles and good sense in using all your parts and belongings.—Edwin Checkley, in Lippincott's.

Sly Revenge.

The spectacle of great men at play is always delightful to us who only know them in their serious moods. The artist Turner was an interesting talker, and was not only prodigal of interesting information, but of brilliant repartee.

He was once at a dinner party at the poet Campbell's, and spoke of art in such a way that his listeners believed him to consider it superior to all other professions. After this the poet rose, and, having alluded with mock gravity to his friend's skill in "varnishing painters as well as paintings," proposed:

"The health of Mr. Turner and the worshipful company of painters and glaziers."

Then Turner rose, and with equal solemnity expressed his sense of the honor he had received, made some good-humored allusions to "blotters of foolscap whose works were appropriately bound in calf," and concluded by proposing in return:

"The health of Mr. Campbell and the worshipful company of paper-stainers!"—Youth's Companion.

Theatrical Hint.

Man (rising wearily to let late comer pass to his seat in the theater)—This eternal getting up is really annoying.

Late Comer—I know it is; that is the reason I never come in myself till the curtain is up.—Texas Siftings.

Might Be Worse.

Mother—You careless boy! Look at your clothes! Have you been playing football again?

Little Son—No'm, only fightin'.—Good News.

The Decline of Literature.

Kwarto—I tell you, Cumso, my new book is bound to make a hit.

Cumso—Yes; that's the modern tendency, to put all the work in the binding.—Truth.

Brave in Certain Circumstances.

"When you ran after the burglar and told him to halt, what did he do?"

"He halted and I ran."—Chicago News Record.

Heated Remark.

"My turn will come," sputtered the buckwheat cake on the hot griddle, "by gravy!"—Chicago Tribune.

Repartee.

"You look sweet enough to eat."

"I do eat."—Truth.